ARRELL OF THE BLESSED

By Irving Bacheller.

ring them along-they're always "Well, it was only fair you should ome at my table," the warden an- | have a chance to meet others, . . . I ed, with a laugh.

now ye not they're in prison now | erts." he turned. "At 1, boy," he add- of my love, I can tell you that." She must be very grand." haking the boy's hand. "Ah, then, looked up at him. "I have endured cheer an' many a merry jest."

crel left the room, waving his not keep my secret any longer. He way to the prison office. your crime." wonderful man!" said the latter

ley went. "We love and respect pered. and give him all the liberty we For a long time he has been nurs- "but you know I loved the dear old passed them on his way to Boston. n the hospital, and when I see he is overworking I bring him to flice and set him at easy jobs." crel came presently, and they went mer. The tinker bowed politely to varden's wife and led ber to the

ood friends," said he as they were g down, "there is an hour that is o' minutes an' yet holds a week easure. Who can tell me which

never guessed a riddle," said the

arry, dear madam, 'tis the hour hospitality," said the old man. hen you are in it," she answered

n," said Durrel, raising his glass, 'eter is fond of a smiling face." id when you see him you'll make " were the words of the warden. r I believe he is a lover o' good any," said Darrel,

he dinner went on, others talking to encourage the tongue of Dar-Frore, well as he knew the old had been surprised by his forti-Far from being broken, his spirhappy, masterful, triumphant. rel and Trove went away with

arden, who bade them sit awhile office. Triker and young man you know more than you have told." there talking until the day was The warden sat apart, reading. man whispered. "He thought I should as if they were not agreed. Dar- he loved me, so that he took the shame aking his forefinger and his head, and the suffering to save me." ad thoughtful look upon him.

you have done something?"

"Where did you go that night?"

very day I saw you pass the door. I

Polly's lips were trembling, and she

and that's the reason I'm here."

with his guile.'

she whispered.

"How?"

She turned quickly, with a look of

making him confess. God help me! I

Turning her face away and looking

out of the window she felt for his

hand. Then she pressed it fondly.

That was the giving of all sacred

"I do love you, Polly," said Trove at

we were at Robin's Inn I should put-

"And I should not promise for at

turned, her dark eyes full of their new

things forever, and he knew it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AROVE went to the inn at Dannemora that evening he left a foot in the grave?" Darrel and there found a letter. It said that Leblane was tter gave no hint of bad faith, home, and, as usual, I had gone across him. He's a deal more respectable." th all haste he went to the place lots." Then he told the story of that "Like a panther with his teeth pull g the Frenchipan, but getting no lowed. of him, and then came a new letom the man Hope. It said now eblane had moved on to Middle- me. When I began to go out of doors Trove went there, spent the they told me you were low with fever. f his money and sat one day in vern office, considering what to now, after weeks of wandering, thought surely you would come to see s, it seemed, no nearer the man me, but you went away." ught. He had soon reached a

it of some value-this informa- covered her eyes. least unreliable, and he would ided, for while he was thinking been urgent, but you, Sidney, you ion. boy came and said, "There's a wouldn't have me. You have done evvaiting you in the parlor, sir." erything you could to help him. Now stairs, and there sat Polly in her you all, and you've got to listen to me. radise." Polly rose, and his says you are now a fugitive trying to used to visit the tinker." ment checked his feet a moment; escape arrest." tway and stood looking down ters and of Roberts' claim that he was look of pallor and agitation. were in a silence full of history. engaged to Polly. ly the more adequate expression go until you explain," she continued.

w came you here?" he whispered Trove calmly. "Roberts is a rascal, have been trying to find you,' ie at length.

arned, looking from end to end "I mean it. He knows I am guilty

she whispered, shaking her A serious look came into Polly's eyes. "That is, I-I do not think I love "You are looking for Louis Leblane."

n why have you come to find

ause-because you did not come Leblanc committed the crime. I shall me," she answered, glancing know soon after I meet him." it the toe of her pretty shoe, r Polly!" he said as he took her in his. Gently she pulled it on the back of his left hand and were

cannot speak to you now," she give my life to one purpose-that of

a long silence. The low music cannot find the man. But I shall not fillion they wings came floating give up. I shall see the governor." the window. It seemed, someke a voice of the past, with minke the bees, hymning indisting of the same things. "I can im no more," she thought, "and all of them, and now it's my turn. If could hear the flutter of bird beyond the window, and in the my arms about you and I should not s they got some understanding let you go until-until you had promh other. She turned suddenly ised to be my wife."

ey," she said, "I am sorry, I least an hour," said she, smiling, as she cy if I have hurt you." lifted one of his hands and discovery, "Let us go home." her red cheek upon it fondly.

could tell you the truth."

d not know," he whispered,

"I'm going to be imperative," said oment he spoke.

g ago I knew that you were let you go"g me, but I couldn't help it." "Dear Sidney." said she, "let's walt as that-that harrible secret,"

he, "and you must answer before I will

until we reach home. It's too had to

spoil it here. But"- she whispered, looking about the room, "you may kiss d no right to your love," said me once now."

til"-be hesitated for a little- "I must get work somewhere. My

money is gone," said Trove. said he calmly. "The fact is- Brooke canceled the mortgage? Mother sister Bet grew serious and began tapt is, I had learned that my had saved this money for a payment." | play the floor with her toe.

"Canceled the morigage!" said Trove. nor and your love were enough give you a job, Sidney,"

"What to do?" "Go and see the governor, and thenshould have made my way to and then you are to report to me at t"— he paused again. Robin's lun. Mind you, there's to be Robin's lun. Mind you, there's to be sniffed a dittle and began to measure mouths open. what?" she demanded impa. no delay, and I'll pay you. Let's see, the ribbon. She was deeply if secretly "What was it?" said the sister Lize. I'll nav you a bundred dollars."

Pot the first in the following of the property of the post of the

- Continued from last Sunday.

"I shall stay tonight with a cousin thought you were in love with Rob- at Burlington. Oh, there's one more seeping bad company?" said Dar- "Roberts! He would have been glad clothes at Albany, and, remember, it

> much for you, Sldney Trove, and I can- the inn. "I'm going to tell you everything,"

"And you believe him?" Trove whis. am to see that dreadful Roberts. I'm longing to give him his answer." Not an hour before then Roberts had "Not that," she answered quickly,

CHAPTER XXXII.

T was early May and a bright mornving in Hillsborough. There were lines of stores and houses on either side of the main thoroughfare from the river to Moosehead inn, a long, low white building that faced the public square. Hunters coming off its veranda and gazing down the streat, as if sighting over gun barrels at the bridge, were went to reckon the distance "nigh on to forty rod." There were "Boston Stores" and "Great Emporlums" and shops, modest as they were small, in that forty rods of Hillsborough. Midway was a little white building, its eaves within reach of one's hand, its gable on the line of the sidewalk overhanging which, from a crane above the door, was a blg golden spool. In its two windows were lace and ribbons and ladies' hats and spools of thread, and blue shades drawn high from 7 o'clock in the morning until dark. It was the little shop of Ruth Tole, a house of fate on the way from happening to history. There secrets, travel worn, were nourished awhile and man. I cannot think him guilty any sent on their way; reputations were more than I could think it of you, but made over and often trimmed with exthere's a deep mystery in it all. It has cellent taste and discrimination.

Ruth Tole was behind the counter made me wretched. Every one thinks sorting threads. She was a maiden of "A beautiful mystery!" the young middle life and severe countenance, o few and decisive words. The door of and again they whispered ear- be convicted. Who wouldn't? I think the little shop was ajar, and near it is woman was knitting. She had a post tion favorable for eye and ear. She came away as the dark fell, a "He would have died for you," she could see all who passed on either answered, "but, Sidney, it was dread. side of the way and not a word or ful to let them take him away. Couldn't move in the shop escaped her. In the sisterhood she bore the familiar name "Something, dear Polly! And I with of Lize. She had been talking about that old case of Riley Brooke and the

"Looks to me," said she thoughtfully "I do not know, but in the morning near St. Albans. Posfed in I found myself in our great pusture as she tickled her scalp with a knitting burg and signed "Henry Hope," and was ill. Some instinct led me needle, "that she took the kinks out o

> ed," said a woman who stood by the counter buying a spool of thread. "Ain't you heard how they made up?" thought you were cruel not to come to "Land sakes, no!" said Lize.

> "Well, that old tinker gave 'em both a good talking to," said the customer. Then I got ready to go to you and that "He brings 'em face to face, and he says to him, says he, 'In the day o' the judgment God 'Il mind the look o' your wife,' and then he says the same

"Singular man!" said comely Lize. "He never robbed that bank, either. "You and every one, except my meth- any more'n I did."

"Men ain't apt to claim a sin that On that point he was not long 'ry Roberts," Polly went on. "He has don't belong to 'em. That's my opin-

"He did it to shield another." "Sidney Trove?" was the half whiswent immediately to the parlor I've found you, and I'm going to tell pered query of the sister Lize.

own, "the sweetest looking creat He has proof, he says, that you are "It was that old man with a gray he was wont to say, "this side guilty of another crime, and-and he beard who never spoke to anybody an'

"She was interrupted by a newcomer e advanced quickly and would. A little silence followed, in which -a stout woman of middle age who kissed her, but she turned her Trove was thinking of the Hope let- finttered in breathing heavily, under a

"Sh-h-h!" said she, lifting a large she tried to speak, but an odd "You have been wrapped in mys- hand. She sank upon a chair, fanning foreign bank, and I don't know what ss followed the first word, giving teries long enough. I shall not let you herself. She said nothing for a little. "What is it. Bet, for mercy's sake?"

"There's no mystery about this," said "Have you heard the news?" said

she that was called Bet. "Land sakes, no?" said the others. Then followed a moment of suspense, during which the newcomer sat biting

large room. They were alone, of no crime, but he does know that I her under lip, with a merry smile. ly," he whispered, "I believe you am looking for Louis Leblanc, and he "You're too provoking!" said the sishas fooled me with lying letters to ter Lize impatiently. "Why do you a little time she made no an- keep me out of the way and win you keep us hanging by the eyebrows?" "Sh-h-h!" said the dear sister Bet again. Another woman had stopped by the door. Then a scornful whisper

from the sister Lize. "Yes. It is the first move in a plan "It's that horrible Kate Tredder, Mercy! Is she coming in?" to free Darrel, for I am sure that She came in. Long since she had

ceased to enjoy credit or confidence at the little shop. "If he should have a certain mark "Nice day," said she.

The sister Lize moved impatiently to satisfy me in two other details I'd and picked up her work. This untime-



"Have you heard the news?" ly entrance had left her "hanging by

"I've been clear round the square," himself.

ak I cure what your father did? him, and now he's a new man. I'll awhile, I min't done a thing today, an' got a telegraph message from her un-I don't b'lieve I'll try till after dinner. cle, an' what do you suppose it said?" Miss Tole, you may give me another yand of that red silk ribbon."

She sat by the counter, and Miss Tole | were leaning toward her, smiling, their offended by this intrusion.

"what's the news?" said the newcomer, turning to the sister Bet. "Oh, nothing." said the other wearily.

"Ain't you heard about that woman up at the Moosehead?" "Heard all I care to," said the sister

It was near train time, and they left | Bet, with jealous feeling. "What about her?" said the sister Lize, now reaching on tiptoe, as it . Trove and the warden made says that Darrel is now in prison for said she as they were on their way to were. The sister Bet rose impatiently the depot. "The day after tomorrow I and made for the door.

"Going?" said she that was called Lize, a note of alarm in her voice. "Yes; do you think I've nothing else to do but sit here and gossip?" said sis-

face red. The newcomer sat in a thoughtful attitude, her elbow on the counter.

ter Bet, disappearing suddenly, her

"Well?" said the sister Lize. "You all treat me so funny here I guess I'll go," said Mrs. Tredder, who now got up, her face darkening, and

"Wretch!" said the sister Lize hotly. "I could have choked her." She souirmed a little, moving her chair

"She's forever sticking her nose into other people's business," were the words of the customer. She seemed to be near the point of tears.

"Maybe that's why it's so red." the other answered, with unspeakable contempt. "I'm so mad I can hardly sit

She wound her yarn close and stuck her needle into the ball. Thank goodness!" said she sudden-"Here comes Serene."

The sister Serene Davis, a frail, fair "Well," said the latter, "I suppose |

you've heard"- She paused to get her breath. "What?" said the sister Lize in a whisper, approaching the new arrival.

"My heart is all in a flutter. Don't hurry me." The sister Lize went to the door and closed it. Then she turned quickly,

facing the other woman. "Serene Davis," she began solemnly, 'you'll never leave this room alive until you tell us."

"Can't you let a body enjoy herself a minute?"

"Tell me," she insisted, threatening with a needle. Ruth Tole regarded them with a look

of firmness, which seemed to say, "Stab her if she doesn't tell." "Well," said the sister Serene, "you know that stylish young widow that retor sacred came awhile ago to the Moosehead-

the one that wore the splendid black

k the night o' the ball?" "She was a detective"-this in a

"What!" said the other two awesomely. "A detective."

The sister Serene was now laughing. "It's ridiculous!" she remarked. "Go on," said the others, and one of

pose it was?" "I dunno," said Ruth Tole. The words had broken away from her, and she covered her mouth quickly and be-

"'Twas Dick Roberts," she went on. tall love making up there at the Wid-"Trove, no." said the other quickly. "He went over to the tavern. She lay ow Vaughn's," said Lize. there in bed and a nurse in the room with her-a woman she got in Ogdensburg. She tells the young lawyer she wants him to make her will. Then she describes her property, and he man." A merry laugh and then a sigh puts it down. There was a palace in from Lize, who looked a bit dreamy. Wales and a castle on the Rhine and all. Well, ye know she was pert and handsome, and he began to take no-

> The sisters looked from one to another and gave up to gleeful smiles, but Ruth was if anything a bit firmer

he took her out to ride. One night ca Salve, when it completely cured a his knees before the widow, kissing her antiseptic healer of Piles, Wounds, dress an' talking all kinds o' non- and Sores, 25c at A. G. Luken & Co.'s sense."

"Here! Stop a minute," said the sister Lize, who had now dropped her knitting and begun to fan herself. "You take my breath away." The details were too important for hasty con-

'Makin' love?" said the customer. "I should think likely," said the other, whereupon the three began to laugh

"Now go on," said the sister Lize, leaning forward. "There he knelt, kissing her dress,"

the narrator continued. "Why didn't he kiss her face?" "Because she wouldn't let him, I

suppose." "Oh!" said the others, nodding their heads thoughtfully.

"When the nurse came," the sister Serene continued, "the widow went to a desk and wrote a letter and brought sheep take cold several times the afit to Dick. Then says the widow, fection becomes chronic, and catarrh says she: 'You take this to my uncle

in Boston. If you can make him give strong cold drafts in damp quarters. his consent I'd be glad to see you often the result of improper ventila "Dick, he rushed off that very even-

The sister Serene began to shake with laughter. "What?" was the eager demand of

"Well, the widow told the nurse, and she told Mary Jones, and Mary told

The sister Serene covered her face and began to quiver. The other two

"'Kicked him downstairs.'" the nar-

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"I" the two whispered.

"Good enough for him." It was the erdiet of the little shopkeeper, sharp ly spoken, as she went on with her work.

"So I say," this from the other three, who were now quite serious. "He'd better not come back here,"

said the sister Lize. "He never will probably."

"Who employed the widow?" "Nobody knows," said the sister Sethem added, "Land sakes, don't stop rene, "Before she left town she had a check cashed, an' it come from Riley "Well, she got sick the other day and Brooke. Some think Martha Vaughn sent for a lawyer, an' who do you sup- herselt knows all about it. Sh-h-h! There goes Sidney Trove."

"Ain't he splendid looking?" Ruth Tole had opened the door, and they were now observing the street gan to look out of the window. The and those w ere passing in it. speaker had begun to laugh again. "One of il days there'll be some

> "Like to be behind the door." "I wouldn't." said the sister Serene. "No, you wouldn't!"

"I'd rather be up next to the young

(Continued Next Sunday.) Itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles yield to Doan's Ointment. Chronic cases soon relieved, finally

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could not bring as much happiness "Next day he brought her some flow- to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., ers, and she began to get better. Then as did one 25c box of Bucklen's Arniabout 10 o'clock the nurse comes into running sore on her leg, which had the room sudden like and finds him on tortured her 23 long years. Greatest Drug Store.

Milking the Cow.

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Catarrh In Sheep.

Catarrh is often contracted in the storms, says Farm Journal. After the sets in. Colds are often brought on by tion. Remove the cause if possible ing an' took the cars at Madrid. What the nose of the affected animal with

Fostmaster Robbed G. W. Fouts, Postmaster at Riverton

la, nearly lost his life and was robbed of all comfort, according to his letter, me. The letter was kind o' short and which says: "For 20 years I had Michigan and Eastern Pennsylvachronic liver complaint, which led to loved somebody else?" she "Money!" said she opening her purse. the eyebrows" and red with anxiety. the name of Roberts. He's engaged to a even my flager nails turned yellow; when my doctor prescribed Electric I've \$200 here. Didn't you know Elley | Sinnee, sighed and said, "Yes." The dence to make love to me. I wish to get when my doctor prescribed Electric him out of town for awhile and can't Bitters; which cured me and have think of any better way. Don't use him too roughly. He was a detective once bimself. father!" she answered. "Do "Yes, the dear old tinker repaired said Mrs. Tredder, "an' I guess I'll sit "Well, in a couple of days the widow ness and all Stomach, Live, Kidney and Bladder derangements A wonderful Tonic. At A. 61 Lul Drug Store. 50 cents.

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